

THE COMMONWEAL

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THE MEANING OF MONTICELLO

THE memory of heroes is often as much a solace as a subject for rejoicing. "We do not lack great men in our own day because we decline to look for them in our own day," Mr. Chesterton says pertinently; "on the contrary we are looking for them all day long." We look indeed, and are disappointed. It is one of the morbid peculiarities of democracy that crowds do not hoist leaders upon their backs for very long—that the theory of equality does seem to produce a tepid equalness. Everybody's hearsay is everybody's say-so. The great need for direction, for what in the true sense is government, has induced a number of European civic groups to turn their backs upon that notion of the state which is expressed practically in universal suffrage. Their motive is fear of, rather than love for, autocracy; and they see an enemy in parliamentarism because, as a recent critic has phrased it, this is only an "empty formality" behind which forces are silently and compactly organized. Whether they are right or not they count, and future political history will to some extent be written by them.

Now the interest of Jefferson for us, in this year when Monticello is at length hallowed as a national shrine, is based upon manifold aspects of character and achievement. But possibly the most pertinent

thing we can see in him is his stature as one of the makers of representative government. The idea that "free and open discussion" was the saving solution of civic problems was derived by all that generation of Englishmen—and, of course, Jefferson was during his formative years an Englishman—largely from its classical reading. We have not yet realized sufficiently how deeply the renaissance of antique learning modified the attitude of Europe toward political and economic problems, introducing at first only theories which are, however, as Charles Maurras has remarked, always at the basis of reform and change. The middle-ages had advanced very far toward an equable distribution of authority and citizenship, but they had really settled upon no definite concept of the state. Their thought was basically pastoral in character, being designed to guarantee by an appeal to conscience the exercise of all human rights derived from the Divine Law. Saint Thomas was indifferent to forms of government; the classicist was attentive to nothing so much as form. Inalienable rights and duties, not numbers or voting opinions, concerned the mediaeval doctor; the parliamentarism of the closing seventeenth century was no longer very sure about the rights and duties, but it stood in awe of numbers and opinions.

Only there was abroad an honest, hopeful belief that if those who disagreed came together and engaged in reasonable discussion of their difficulties, a trustworthy conclusion could be arrived at.

In England the great parliamentarians—Bentham, Burke, John Stuart Mill among them—could not fail to realize that property was rapidly becoming the most important subject of controversy because of the Gargantuan rise of trade. Commerce was, indeed, drinking the rivers dry; and those who were left to flutter on the sandy bed could only wait impotently for someone to fish them out. What was to be done, then, “for the greatest good of the greatest number”? The English gradually decided to seek the redemptive agency in trade itself; and the epoch-making suggestions of Adam Smith, Carlyle, and Sidney Webb were proposals which followed in order though all were mutually contradictory. The underlying French idea was, however, directed to a different end. Largely because of the system of patronage organized under Louis XIV, trade in France had been intricately bound up with the regular political functions of government; and when the revolution finally came, its effect was to liberate the producer, to guarantee the stability of peasant farmers, and to make of the small manufacturer an independent tradesman.

Thomas Jefferson cast his lot with the French, first of all because as an individual and a citizen he himself was a practising agriculturist, and secondly because—as is apparent from the words of the Declaration itself—the utterances of French pamphleteers had captivated him. Natively, however, he profited by a stable British temperament. He had not a little of that safe abstractedness which so well became a man like Clarendon; and with John Stuart Mill he might have said, “The only one of the imaginative arts in which I had from childhood taken great pleasure, was music.” He was too pacifistic to be really revolutionary; he was too revolutionary to be merely inert. With a lively interest in the processes of government, its combinations and effectives, Jefferson combined all the reticence of an aristocrat only nominally homespun. He knew as well as anybody else did that all men are not equal in their endowments and capacities, but he loved as he did life a conviction that government must suffer none of its subjects to be ground into servile powder by exploiting forces which consider their schemes and ambitions more important than the rights of man. In this way he came very close, as a political philosopher, to the conclusions of the mediaeval time. Though he would have been the last man on earth to reverence Thomism, he did abide by the principles established in the Thomistic code.

This is an aspect of his position which cannot be stressed here. By comparison his emphatic positivism is far more easily discernible; and it is refreshing to note how frankly this trait of the Jeffersonian character is analyzed in a centenary biography by Mr.

Albert J. Nock, which is briefly reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Here is a bravely personal book, behind which one can see the things and qualities in which its author is especially interested. Its Jefferson is not a dreamer who writes political poetry, but a shrewd observer whose guiding rule declares, “It is always better to have no ideas than false ones; to believe nothing than to believe what is wrong.” We see the man whose farm at Monticello concerned him more than anything else in the world, excepting government and education; who judged others according to standards of strict justice, and could not palliate weaknesses of character; who earnestly believed that woman had been designed for a fireside, a husband and children only; and who had sufficient serenity of intelligence to write, “A government regulating itself by what is just and wise for the many, uninfluenced by the local and selfish view of the few who direct their affairs, has not been seen, perhaps, on earth. Or if it existed for a moment at the birth of ours, it would not be easy to fix the term of its continuance. Still, I believe it does exist here in a greater degree than anywhere else, and for its growth and continuance I offer sincere prayers.”

Circumstance and caste of mind—so runs the thread of Mr. Nock's discourse—made of the great Virginian a champion of what may be termed “the producer's interests.” He not only abhorred as flagrantly unjust any use of governmental power to foster great combinations of operative capital, but he actually did not understand such combinations. Abstractly he was interested far less in the power than in the happiness of human life. The whole modern tendency to skyscrapers and bumptious monopolists was abhorrent to him. But at this stage of the world's game it is salutary to remember that he was these things, not out of envy or even fiery charity, but because he had trained himself to respect the rights of man. And it may well seem to us all deplorable that so much really earnest contemporary intelligence has been wasted upon the consideration of merely quantitative aspects of human living—that the humanistic, reflective foundation upon which a man can stand to think has been so studiously neglected. Jefferson was at least one-third a pedant—Mr. Nock's reprint of statistics being nicely illustrative of the point—but thereby, probably, he was saved from being two-thirds a sharp lawyer.

The proper definition of his heroic quality would therefore include, it seems to us, a recognition of the fact that he was the kind of man the older parliamentarians zealously hoped to produce. We have not often seen his equal; we appear to be more and more bereft of his kind. And if the American ideal of representative democracy is to remain beneficent and practicable, we shall have to rekindle the purposive hope that the Jeffersonian mind will become increasingly a standard according to which men train themselves for public life, even if here and there an alteration of feature be found expedient.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE incredible stupidity of the Mexican government was, we believe, enough of a platitude not to require the additional proof furnished by its treatment of Monsignor Caruana, the official papal delegate. Did it really hope to convince the citizens of these United States with a photostat copy of testimony no court would dream of admitting as evidence? The official publicity agent of Calles flaunted the fake with a jubilation which seems to have been founded on the conviction that people north of the Rio Grande are the last word in gullibility. That Monsignor Caruana would sign a document proclaiming himself a "married man" and a "Protestant" is an assumption so preposterous as to rank its entertainer with the most advanced of erratic visionaries. In the first place, he is a well-known man and his appointment to Mexico was given full publicity. Everybody knew he was coming and everybody knew exactly what he was. Nor would a rational mortal suppose that the Church could gain the slightest advantage through a delegate circulating among the people incognito, after the manner of the genial king in Scott's poetic masterpiece. Finally, the "photostat copy" was so clumsily manufactured that neither signature nor statements could survive the simple tests to which they were submitted by handwriting experts. The report of Mr. Osborn, "It was not signed by Monsignor Caruana," is frank and convincing.

WHAT explains the sudden interest of the Mexican propagandists in photostatic evidence? Undoubtedly it is good stuff when genuine. And there was much

the friends of Señor Calles could learn about it from the collection reproduced by Dr. Adolfo Ferrer from the archives of the government of Yucatan, and printed in June, 1924, under the title, *El Archivo de Felipe Carrillo—El Callismo*. This little book is not listed among the items of reading endorsed by the existing Mexican government. The compiler, a Mexican citizen whose integrity was attested to by our own government, said in his preface: "Every citizen who casts his vote in favor of Calles during the coming farcical election, imposed by Obregon by the force of arms no less American than Mexican in character, will be a traitor to his country and will help to establish a new dictatorship like that of General Diaz, but characterized in addition by its vulgarization of the national honor in the worst fashion and with alien assistance. The archives of the ex-governor of Yucatan, Felipe Carrillo Puerto, will demonstrate not only the career of this official and of Obregon and Calles, but will also reveal the series of little political tricks and of reprehensible acts which these persons employed to get themselves in power." Dr. Ferrer's documents have never been answered. But perhaps they taught Mexican rulers something about "photostatic evidence."

THE defilé of the legless, armless, sightless, and disfigured victims of France, has taken place over the very ground covered seven years ago by the triumphal reëntry of the allied troops into her capital, and has been marked with no incident to justify the apprehensions of the government, which our ambassador in Paris seems to have shared, that American susceptibilities would suffer. A considerable contingent of American veterans, indeed, made no apology for lending their countenance to the parade and for marching shoulder to shoulder with those whom they refuse to consider other than comrades in perpetuity, attached to themselves by the memory of blood shed and danger shared in common and for a common cause. Now that the incident is history, and that its repercussion seems likely to be safe from any unfortunate misunderstanding, it is interesting to consider just what lay back of the fears which all but led to a governmental injunction at the last moment.

IN the first place those must be indeed unobservant who fail to notice a certain uneasiness among the governors, whenever the sentiments which served their turn so well show signs of persistence among the governed. Like Frankenstein, who raised a monster he could not lay, or the Arab fisherman, whose incantations could never get the djinn back into the non-refillable bottle out of which he had been conjured, these pragmatic spirits ill conceal their impatience when they discover that men and women exist, in appreciable masses, who do not share their pragmatism, and who will not understand, once for all, that speeches uttered in the moment of danger or deliverance, are

paper money, to be redeemed at sweeping discount. In the second place, what might be called the sentimental theory in international relations has fallen on evil days. It is disliked because it is out of harmony with the positivistic and mechanistic theory that is so striking a sequel to the great upheaval. Like all the imponderables whose refuge is the soul of man, it shares the contemporary disrepute of everything that cannot be handled, weighed or made matter for balance sheets. But being imponderable is a very, very different thing from being negligible. Press despatches from Paris dealing with the parade of the mutilated, conjecture what will be the effect in America when the filmed record of the sad procession appears in our theatres. We believe that it will only accentuate a prevalent feeling that in all monetary settlements to come, every consideration compatible with justice be shown to the special nature of France's sufferings.

DR. FREDERICK FUNDER, editor of the Vienna Reichspost, informs the National Catholic Welfare Conference of a severe struggle to amend the educational laws of Austria in conformity with socialistic desires. The battle was launched at a favorable time, when the absence of the incumbent chancellor as well as of Monsignor Ignaz Seipel deprived the conservative parties of precious leadership. "The minister of education," writes Dr. Funder, "yielded to the storm and without consulting the Christian-Social leaders or the Catholic representatives, opened negotiations with the Socialists and finally concluded an agreement for a new curriculum based on Socialist principles. General indignation followed; and when the chancellor, Dr. Ramek, returned from Geneva, where he had been attending a meeting of the League of Nations, he immediately examined the proposed educational changes and promptly announced that he could not approve the plan. The whole project was dropped." It is clear, however, that the issue has not been permanently disposed of, and that the return of Monsignor Seipel to Austria is needed and greatly desired. Fortunately, The Commonwealth secured from the great prelate, during his visit to the United States, an article which succinctly outlines the character of the cultural struggle now in progress. It will appear next week and is, incidentally, a message to the American people.

THE future of the Philippines, according to Colonel Thompson, the special commissioner appointed by the President, will bear all the ear-marks of a model farm supervised by a particularly pushing drummer. It used to be asserted with a tinge of reasonableness that the Filipino was being prepared for self-government—that through legislative and civic experience of many sorts he would be associated with the United States as a kind of island patriot not averse to giving room for the garrisons which remain needed, if endangered, outposts in the Far East. Now the outlook

is changed. The opportunity to grow rubber has appeared on the horizon, and awaits only the feeling of security which capital must possess before it tries imperial industrial roulette. We are assured that the Filipino is, for his part, aching to grow rubber. He would ache more, however, if the advantages of modern civilization were gently applied to his skin. The system of education could be further standardized and extended, even with the help of radio lecturers giving lessons in English and political economy of the approved sort. Roads also have been neglected, and the New York Times remarks that "they are essential if the barriers of language and custom which still separate the peoples of the Philippines are to be broken down and a national consciousness developed." It may be observed, however, that even if the roads facilitate the marketing of rubber and other commodities for the time being, they are no positive guarantee that the "national consciousness" when fully developed will be agreeably productive. The Filipino is, after all, above the supine Oriental level. Rubber could, perhaps, be produced at a far smaller hazard in certain portions of Africa or even in Cuba which has enjoyed superior injections of enlightenment.

AFTER the dramatic incident of the British general strike and its repercussion in the columns of our own press, the New York subway strike comes very much with the muted fracas of a safe-and-sane firework. But because the issue is a local one there is no reason why the merits of the case should escape a public which pays in added stress of living while such an interruption of its daily life is on, and which, in this particular case, will certainly pay in added taxation if what are generally conceded to be the just demands of the men for a living wage, are granted them. As the New York World very cogently pointed out when the strike came to a head, the entire subway system of New York has become an anachronism in a world where those who direct business concerns either pay their way, or go under, to let more practical managers step into their shoes.

NOT only is it, in the strict sense of the word, insolvent, but also inefficient. Hardly a home-coming New Yorker, fresh from his experiences in London, Paris, and Berlin, or even Boston, fails to be struck afresh with its confusion, congestion, unreliability, and the insult to human dignity and decency that must be borne by those who have no other means of getting to their homes at rush hours. Some initial mistake seems to have presided over its planning. Some inherent flaw must be present in a management that can neither assure a living wage to its employees nor efficient service to its patrons. The public is long-suffering, but sooner or later demands an accounting from those in whose hands it has placed so vital a utility as travel from home to work and from work

to home. The present contingency seems to be a good one to lift the matter out of politics and catch-words and remove what has become a positive civic reproach once and for all.

HOUSING the moderately circumstanced man and his family is a basic social problem and it is encouraging to note that state and municipal authorities are now beginning to give it something like adequate attention. During the past week the newly appointed Housing Commission of New York State has begun work which, judging from the character of the persons appointed to do it, will be practical and permanently beneficent. At almost the same time, Mayor Dever of Chicago appointed a similar commission as authorized by the municipal council. This body is expected to carry on what is virtually a pioneer endeavor in the Middle-West with the caution born of experience and the good will so characteristic of the community it serves. No doubt such metropolitan efforts to wrestle with the difficulties now surrounding family life will arouse other communities to action. Surprisingly little attention has been paid to the matter, considering what vast collective energies have been devoted to other attempted reforms. It is useful to bear in mind, however, that success cannot be hoped for within a few weeks. Housing is intimately correlated with a great variety of social, economic, and temperamental conditions. Some of these have baffled analysis and others are tangent to the general character of industrial life. The best that can be hoped for—that which every citizen will hope for—is the gradual elimination of cases in which honest, hard-working parents are victimized by circumstances.

AS one of the founders of the Calvert Associates, Mr. William V. Griffin is, in a very marked sense, one of our own household. But in extending him its warmest congratulations upon his recent elevation to the rank of Knight Commander of Saint Gregory, The Commonweal happily has no need to confine its remarks to terms common on such occasions. A brilliant and successful alumnus of Yale, closely associated at an early age with the major activities of finance, Mr. Griffin has chosen to devote his leisure and a large share of his activities to the social mission whose two-fold nature is only dawning upon the consciousness of so many of our people. His position as one of the directors of the Post-Graduate Hospital of New York is evidence of his concern in the alleviation of material suffering. His interest in Catholic culture, his conviction that this culture, as a possession for which Catholics owe an accounting to society, should be carried beyond the limits of our own communion, has been made clear again and again by wise advice and unfailing interest whenever either was sought by the editors of this paper. In the new knight of Saint Gregory The Commonweal salutes an ex-

emplar of the Catholic citizen which lay very much within its imagination when the phrase "resurgent force" was chosen as its device and battle cry.

A LETTER received in this office from Mother M. Alphonsa Lathrop during the week preceding her death, contained these characteristic words: "I have been ill a great deal; but the real trouble with me is a breakdown in will-power—the last thing a woman vowed to God can need." Here is expressed better than anyone else could say it the spirit in which this constantly courageous, and therefore representatively American, woman undertook the task of caring for those in whom the world at large took no interest—the cancerous poor, recruited from hidden and lonely beds of suffering. Perhaps she first undertook the work because her own rock-like will wanted it to be done; but gradually Rosary Hill Home and the institutions affiliated with it grew into oases apart from the world, where only the desire of God was fulfilled as best it might be. While waiting for an opportunity to pay a more extended tribute to Mother Alphonsa's achievement, we express the hope that the very great many who respected her because she was Hawthorne's daughter and had proved the nobility of her ancestry through a great imaginative charity, will see to it that the endeavor is not brought to a halt by the lack of indispensable financial means.

A WEEK in which the bodies of the officers and the crew of the ill-fated S-51 were landed for interment, and in which a terrible explosion carried death and mutilation within a radius of miles certainly enforces the lesson that preparedness does not wait upon actual war to take its toll of human life. In the first case, the catastrophe, however deplorable, must be regarded as inevitable. In the course of their training, the fighting services are bound, from time to time, to find themselves faced with conditions reproducing the dangers of war. The second case is rather different. The disaster comes at the end of a fairly long and horrible series of similar mishaps, and it is to be hoped that the competent authority will take such steps as shall render its recurrence unlikely. America is not in the case of congested Europe. Vast tracts of waste land, with ample water-frontage, exist in this country, where the government may fence off reserves of any extent it desires for the storing or handling of explosives. No doubt the distance from sources of commercial supply will be bound to entail expense and inconvenience. But such an argument cannot seriously be considered as offsetting so fearful a danger.

CONSIDERABLE breath and ink have been spent recently in discussing the possibilities of education through drama. It seems almost time to cry the need of obtaining real drama through education. The difference is not unlike the apt phrase once placarded

outside of a Boston church to the effect that "if you must mix religion and business, it makes a deal of difference which one you pour into the other." Few things are more tedious than the average play that sets out to educate the public on some theme. In such cases, it is not the public that needs the education but the dramatist himself. And the shame of it is that so many people who have important things to say lack precisely this kind of education. They do not see that whatever it teaches must be brought out indirectly—like the lessons taught by great sea disasters, or great railroad wrecks, or the more constructive parables of high patriotism and heroic sanctity. Such events and such lives are never accompanied by self-conscious comments. They stimulate comment indirectly—editorials, poems, biographies. And plays should do the same thing. They should picture events in dramatic sequence, and leave the comment to the audiences and the critics. Here is where we find the great opportunity of our universities and dramatic clubs. There is no more reason why right-minded men should not become playwrights than that we should never find a moral doctor or lawyer. But so far we have provided training only for lawyers and doctors and have assumed that playwrights simply grow. It is time to extend education in drama throughout all our schools. Fordham University is doing a splendid work along this line, including not only practice in playwriting but in acting, directing, and theatrical management as well. A parish dramatic union such as that conducted by Monsignor McMahon in upper New York is doing an exceedingly constructive work in a different field. But we have still to see the study of drama and the creation of a new school of dramatists brought to as high a point as, for example, at Yale University.

THE AMBITIONS OF FICTION

THERE is no longer any such thing as political literature. Recall the three volumes of *Politiques et Moralistes* by Faguet, that chain of French political doctrines which reaches from Joseph de Maistre to Renan; and ask yourself what and whom anybody who wished to write a continuation of it to cover our post-war period would put into his book. Editors have discontinued political series which ruined them, and have embarked upon religious collections. Every day a new one appears." In these words, which conceal a genteel regret, M. Albert Thibaudet concludes certain remarks anent the novel, which appeared in a recent issue of *La Nouvelle Revue*. His theme was actually the now interesting one of the Catholic novel which, he finds, "now seems to occupy a privileged position." But he records his honest embarrassment before the problem of determining precisely what is this variety of novel.

"The substance of Catholic life consists in the use

of the sacraments," he believes. "One is a Catholic in the measure that one leads a spiritual existence regulated and nourished by the sacraments, especially Penance and the Eucharist. Now a novel which does not emphasize the use of the sacraments, how can it be termed Catholic?" In fact, judged by this norm most of the stories which have presumed to the title justify their claim only by a habit of rather casually mentioning religious matters or by stressing morals which, though recommended by the Church, were dear even to the hearts of men like Aristotle. Another difficulty which engages the attention of M. Thibaudet is the fact that while Catholicism is clerical in organization, the new literature is the product of laymen. Since Massillon stepped from the pulpit, he says, Holy Orders has not been a literary sacrament.

These remarks in which aloofness is combined with courtesy deserve attention. To begin with, far too much personal dictatorship has been exercised by those who for one reason or another have earned a place as Catholic creative writers. It is all very well to be a realist or a prose-poet, if one has a bent in that direction, but the right to issue a code of inviolable literary rules does not follow as an immediate consequence. In the second place, it behooves all to preserve a becoming modesty and not to assume that a certain mastery of style and narrative method is an authorization to deal with Catholic life "originally" or, to use a now very common word, "profoundly." Here, as in so many other departments of lay activity, it might be well to connect with a point of view like that of M. Thibaudet, the old and abiding notion of "*la verite integrale*"—the whole truth, as combined in the deposit of tradition or civilization. Perhaps a novelist like Dickens who revived the memory of Catholic charity was, for all his doctrinal ignorance, more essentially Catholic than some poseur who introduces the devil for the sake of effect.

In short, the Catholic novel seldom will or ought to be an authoritative statement of theological doctrine. Its genetic definition does not envisage any such character, and its literary limitations almost preclude such a character. We should all feel very strange if the next pastoral letter of our hierarchy appeared in the guise of fiction, embellished with dialogue; and possibly the normal man feels just as queer when he begins to read through a novelist's latest work and finds it masquing as a pastoral letter. The real object ought to be, it seems to us, to intensify the liturgical life of those who write, so that their work will bear testimony to the purity and sincerity which result from constant communion with the sources of Catholic strength. Plato said long ago that the artistic genius is not the best model for a young man who wishes to attain wisdom. It will do no harm to aver now that the new Fathers of the Church will hardly appear, in neat dust covers, to be consumed on the train and after the Epicurean delights of a dinner.

WOMAN IN THE SERVICE OF SOCIETY

By ELISABETH RANDOLPH SHIRLEY

AT a season when education is one of the most important subjects before the public mind, it is interesting to note the significant development in the relationship of the college to the professional school. Whereas the college formerly strove to offer sufficient training for all professions except such technical pursuits as law, medicine, engineering, and the like, it is now generally admitted, not only by colleges for men, but by colleges for women also, that the college is but a stepping-stone to the professional school.

The increase in the number of professional schools is the logical outcome of what has been called the "age of specialization." Many occupations for which formerly little or no special training was required have been raised to the rank of professions for which standardized preparation is one of the first requisites. No more striking illustration of this evolution can be found than that presented by the field of social work.

The social worker was at one time considered by many people a meddlesome busybody whose activities were expected to result in the annihilation of that Christian charity which has ever been the ideal of the world. Despite this adverse opinion, however, the social worker has become so important a factor in the modern social system, that there is scarcely a branch of human activity that is not affected, at least indirectly, by contact with the field of social science. The creation of professional schools of social work is the natural outcome of this state of affairs, for it would be illogical, not to say criminal, to entrust the solution of the most complex social problems to the inexperienced and the untrained.

An event such as the recent Conference of Social Work furnishes an excellent opportunity to study, not only the magnitude of the problem of social distress, but likewise the growing influence of the social worker and the methods by which modern science is seeking to correct the social errors of past generations; for it cannot be denied that some of the conditions which are so greatly deplored today are directly attributable to a lack of foresight on the part of our forefathers and to a deliberate or unconscious disregard for the human and divine laws governing social relationships.

The fact that the relief of poverty and social distress should be raised to the rank of a profession would seem to be a sad commentary on man's methods of dealing with his fellow man. But it is a matter of congratulation that, having recognized conditions as they are, the present generation is making a generous, sincere, and intelligent effort, not merely to provide immediate relief, but to discover the causes of these conditions in order to eliminate them.

When the problem of relief is considered from this

point of view, it at once becomes evident that the social worker must, of necessity, exercise a tremendous influence on legislation, since the various welfare measures with which we have become so familiar of recent years, have all been framed with the obvious intention of correcting or preventing social injustice, and since those whose business it is to study the causes and effects of social problems are accepted as the most authoritative advisers of the makers of laws.

But while the influence of the social worker in the field of legislation is too obvious to require demonstration, it is perhaps less well known that the social service profession as a whole is rapidly becoming a battle ground for conflicting theories and ideals. In fact, it is doubtful whether there is any other profession which is the centre of so many controversies. Agreement as to the nature of the problems to be faced may be fairly general, but the discussion of remedies calls forth expressions of every shade of opinion and provokes the most bitter arguments. It is here that the dangers of certain modern tendencies become manifest. The spirit guiding the school in which the social worker was trained will be revealed in the attitude of the worker toward such matters as divorce, birth control, labor legislation, immigration, education, and many other social problems.

Social service is, relatively speaking, a newcomer among the professions. But like all other special movements it has created a need for special schools. The peculiar requirements of social work have led the colleges to recognize the impossibility of meeting the need for trained social workers by the mere addition of special courses in social science to the ordinary curriculum, and the inevitable result has been the establishment of special training schools for professional social work, offering a standardized two-year course in which theory is combined with practical field work, and accepting as students only those who have graduated from a college of recognized standing or whose experience may fairly be considered to represent the equivalent of a college education.

There may still be many persons who believe that this modern trend toward rigid academic standards and scientific training represents the very antithesis of charity. There is little justification for such a point of view. The Church, whose first law is charity, has, with characteristic wisdom, long since realized the value of specialized training and after having inspired the pioneer work accomplished in this field by some of the colleges, has gone further still by prompting the creation of special schools of professional social work, in which training is permeated by a genuine Christian motive. Even the most uncompromising ad-

vocate of the older conception of charity cannot deny that accurate knowledge and thorough training, when placed at the command of a vocation to serve one's fellow man, will be much more helpful and more truly constructive than the palliative measures often adopted by those whose sole equipment is a ready sympathy and a sincere good will.

The National Catholic School of Social Service, founded five years ago in Washington, D. C., by the National Council of Catholic Women, and which is now working to secure an endowment which will ensure its future development, is a typical example of the Christian influence in social work and of the manner in which the Church is meeting the demands of its own program of charitable activity.

An interesting feature of this institution is the fact that it is a residence school. In order to appreciate the value of residence in a training school for social work, it is necessary to remember that the problems encountered in the modern profession of social service are such as to place the social worker under a severe mental and emotional strain, a strain which might easily lead to fatal discouragement unless the mind be trained and the character forged to withstand it. The worker who has been trained in an atmosphere in which religious faith permeates every branch of science and is the mainspring of every form of action, possesses resources of untold value.

Social work provides a vast field of experimentation for men and women imbued with Bolshevik or paganistic ideas. Some of the leading schools of social work have not escaped the influence of these theorists. Since the nature of their work takes them among the masses, their attitude toward social problems can become a genuine menace to social harmony, and their activities may cause them to be numbered among the possible agents of instability and revolution. On the other hand, the worker trained under religious auspices is the exponent of social principles and of a code of ethics which have withstood the test of centuries, and is therefore recognized as one of the surest safeguards against radical propaganda and social unrest.

That the Christian social worker is thus burdened with a tremendous responsibility no one will deny. Propaganda of every kind has assumed unprecedented proportions; communism is seeking new adherents in every country; forces of disintegration are at work in the family, the basic unit of society; organized minorities are bending every effort to gain control of government; economic conditions in many countries have singularly facilitated the action of the forces working toward the downfall of Christian civilization; in short, there has never before existed a greater need for strong leadership inspired by enlightened charity and undaunted faith.

If there be any who still believe that the professional social worker, even though trained in a Christian institution, will destroy the true spirit of charity,

let them consider for a moment the sacrifices which must be made by many of those who elect social work as their life's vocation, as well as by those who support the institutions in which they are trained. Few students can afford to finance a two-year professional course following upon four years of college without a heavy sacrifice. Nor can it be denied that willingness to devote six years to training in order to render the most efficient possible service to one's fellow man is, in itself, a form of charity deserving of gratitude as well as admiration. On the other hand, the social service school, in order to meet the difficult requirements of high academic standards and low tuition fees, must depend upon endowment funds and voluntary contributions. There can be no doubt that contributions to endowment funds of this kind represent one of the most successful types of charity, and one which is rapidly winning favor. That social service schools are indispensable in the modern scheme of social relief is undeniable, and there is abundant evidence that the public, having come, however slowly, to recognize the value of their function, may be relied upon to give them adequate support. A typical illustration of this confidence in the changing attitude of public opinion toward the professional school of social service is that of the New York School of Social Work which, possessing an endowment of \$1,000,000, is now asking for an additional \$2,000,000. In view of this there can be no question that the appeal of the National Catholic School of Social Service for an endowment of \$600,000 will find a ready and generous response among all who believe that social work, to be truly effective, must derive its inspiration from faith in God and the Christian ideal of charity.

Women have a special interest in social service work, since the task of rescuing girls, of relieving the poor mother, of protecting children, and of welcoming the foreign-born to our shores makes a special appeal to the feminine heart. Hence the special encouragement given by women to the National Catholic School of Social Service, the only institution of its kind in the United States founded by a women's organization. But the recognition given to this school by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Foundation, its affiliation with the Catholic University and Georgetown University as well as its membership in the National Association of Training Schools for Professional Social Work, stamp it as an institution worthy of the interest of all who believe that present social evils are due to the rejection of Christian principles of morality and justice, and who see in the forward-looking endeavor of the Church to encourage the training of leaders who will apply the social teachings of the Master to modern conditions of life, one of the surest solutions of the complex problems which beset our generation, and one of the most hopeful evidences of a sane reaction against the forces of destruction which threaten the integrity of the entire human family.

THE SOUL OF SPAIN

By ROBERT SENCOURT

A STUDY of the soul of Spain as shown in the three great characters created by her imaginative genius, the three characters which continue to fascinate her people, is what Don Ramiro de Maeztu brilliantly accomplishes in his last book, *Don Quijote, Don Juan, e la Celestina*. It is a new method of interpretative criticism so as to show nature and its history in their relation to imaginative work. For according to Maeztu, the simplicity of art is the design which reason stamps upon the solvent fecundity of life, showing us in clearer outlines the unceasing conflict of the ideal and the reality, of passions and duty. The glitter of fancy throws flashes of light on the impulses which struggle for expression within us. "The simplicity of art allows us to take our way more surely among the complexities of life"; and so its effect is to bring us closer to decision, to action. Maeztu makes his literary criticism almost into an essay on Spain under Primo de Rivera.

Spain, in the view of this thinker, has been the victim of a tendency to scepticism, to cynicism: the same which leads to the voluptuousness of Omar Khayyam and to the despair of Macbeth; and which a Spaniard admirably suggested in the line: "Breve bien, facil viento, leve espuma." And so, as the Provençal poet Mistral noted, "the Spanish are excellent losers." In this there is a certain greatness because it arises from a conviction of the necessity and vastness of eternity, and gave to Spain her saints, Dominic and Aloysius, Teresa and John of the Cross. But Teresa was a practical woman and taught that the Lord was among the pucheros. It is just that spirit that Spain needs today to cure her of her ills, to cure all the world of its ills, but most of all countries in it, Spain.

The Spaniard, that is to say, must see that the world, far from being soft breeze, unsubstantial foam, and passing good, is itself a part of the absolute reality so that, far from choosing between this world and another, he so ordains his affairs in this world that the conscientiousness with which he does them is part of a character of real permanence, of absolute and lasting value.

Such an application of such a standard not only means a worship of the highest in spirit and in truth, but it means also a thorough efficiency, because salvation itself is made to hang on the conscientiousness with which work is done. Maeztu traces the accuracy of Genevan watches to Calvinistic eschatology; for him the children of light are those who are as wise in the things of this world as this world's children themselves are.

He arrives at this program for the Spain of today by looking first into the character of Don Quixote,

whose dreams of virtue were better than his means of attaining it. That great book was written at a time when Spain, having become part of an empire that dreamed of being both holy and universal, had attached the new world to its ambition for a reign of peace and law, and then had fallen back upon the mere guide of nationalism, which itself was ineffective. She had seen the spectacular ineffectiveness of the Armada broken by the waves of the foggy North, waves on which rode, trim and stinging, the ships of a queen who cared neither for Pope nor emperor. But while Hamlet illustrates the mood of Quixote, Hamlet is but an episode, a mood, in the life of a rising people; the other book expresses the tiredness of Spain for centuries. Active life, the life of *Los Lusíades*, had lost its enchantment and even the best seemed but a dream: and so Calderon kept on saying that:

Our treasures trifles seem
And all our life is dreaming;
And the dreams themselves are dream.

Long since in Spain between the dream and the reality, between the ideal and the present need, a mist fell, and chivalrous hopes passed through the absurd to the tragic in the deceits of vanity, and Satan triumphed when the idealist's heroism attained to nothing better than childish incongruities.

That is one mood of Spain. Don Juan represents another. But Maeztu acutely distinguishes the Don Juan of Byron, or Molière, or Baudelaire, in fact the Don Juan of the rest of Europe from the Don Juan of Spain, the Don Juan of Tirso and of Zorrilla. As Maeztu sees him, the Don Juan of the North is absurd for he is a soul charged with love in never-ending search of the ideal woman, but in reality a soul charged with love finds the ideal woman in the nearest. The Spanish Don Juan is neither that absurdity, nor the romantic egoist who never really loves, but is a man of appetites without ideals: he is the knight-errant of pride and concupiscence. He is as selfish as he is vain, and is a figure of indiscipline. And yet he is a man, not a monster. He is in fact a bad Catholic who never denies either the principles of justice or immortality, but he keeps them far enough from his consciousness not to interfere with his hasty indiscipline: pride is all: he belongs to a country whose Christianity is mad with pride in its title, "standard-bearer of the Vicar of Christ," and in its memories of its defense of the Church against the Moslem. So Don Juan is not sensuality; his brute impulse is inexhaustible energy, the spirit of adventure and domination, and the drama of Zorrilla is when this man of

power and victory is made to suffer and love. But Don Juan, showing Spain in the mood of one who in a crisis of ideals diverts himself with pleasure, expresses the spirit of the war-weary, of those who thought that humanism was enough and saw it fail, saw power and patriotism become their own destruction; and so, unless indeed there is an eternal value, unless indeed our actions are all to be measured by an absolute standard, unless the realities of the world are one in the scheme of absolute reality, the mood of Don Juan, like the mood of Nietzsche, was right. For at least he was not a hypocrite: he perverted no ideals.

La Celestina, Don Ramiro's third character, is a character whose fame is confined to the Iberian Peninsula. In this story, a story of passionate love, la Celestina is a feminine Pandarus, who is to this extent unselfish: that her whole life is devoted to procuring pleasure for others rather than for herself. Her own satisfaction takes another form, that of profit, of self-interest. Maeztu sees in her the Jewess, but it is a character which is representative of the Spanish peasant, and indeed of all peasantries, of all business. Her object is to make a profit out of what she provides for other people's satisfaction. But the interest of her career is that in giving Melibea to Calisto, she pro-

vides an object for a passion which is mystical. Romeo compared Juliet to the beauties of earth. Calisto sees in Melibea the mystery of divine love. Like all romantic lovers, these two long for life together in a lonely Eden, far from earth and far from heaven, where they may think only of one another; but as for Romeo and for Juliet, so for Calisto and for Melibea, this mutual egoism is the denial of the love which makes it, and since the wages of sin is death, the everlasting garden of their pleasures is no other than the graveyard. Even lovers, if their love is to live, must adjust the immediate with the eternal, and bring the song of their joy into harmony with the whirring tune of the planets.

Maeztu looks very hard both at life and at literature, and, like the best of critics, he makes his interpretations of both more searching in combining them with a certain greatness of his own. For he is both a Spaniard and a European. He leads his country to a scheme of administrative reform by proposing to her the highest standard both of duties and of dues; he gives romance to the ideal of efficiency by bringing it in touch both with mysticism and with humanism; he is more practical, in fact, because he knows, as Raymond Lull knew, both that "he who loves not lives not" and that "he who lives by the life can never die."

MAM'SELLE ANASTASIE

By ERIN SAMSON

PERHAPS the clever readers of this thoughtful periodical can help me out. You see I am rather stupid about people and things. At first, I think I understand perfectly, and then I find that I don't. How I envy the minds with a clear view! I particularly venerate those who can say, "She is good, he is bad—this one is wise, that one, weak." Life for them becomes a charming formal garden where paths intersect and meet at given points, and where even the mazes have their mathematical formula. One can wander there without ever getting lost or entangled in the weeds.

This time a person bothers me. Mademoiselle Anastasie belonged to France's pathetic flock of black-birds, the *sécularisées*. They are nuns, of course; they keep their vows, but they lack all the outward glamor of their vocation. When grace and the novice-mistress have formed them into good religious, in little matters as well as great—they have learned to straighten their coiffes without a mirror and not to catch their veils in what-nots—then abruptly they are sent out into the world, figuratively blinking after the cloistral shade. They must, somehow, master the art of being in the current and not of it. Their manner must be modest and their attitude, courageous. Not least are their sartorial trials: they exchange an interesting

habit for a nondescript, unfashionable garment of black. Some may valiantly trim their pudding-shaped bonnets with jet or even piquant sable cherries, but it is useless; the high, boned net collars, the long skirts of serge are unamendably sad and awkward.

I met Mademoiselle Anastasie at a small country school which was run by a cousin of mine. I arrived in that extremely rural environment with the splendid conceit of a college student who has read a rather poor compendium of the *Summa Theologia*, and, having understood perhaps one-fourth of it, feels that she has attained the shining heights where commune the great intellects of the Church.

Now the first time I saw Mam'selle Anastasie I disliked her. I have no deep-rooted objection to small, fragile human beings, but she was ludicrously tiny. When you looked at her minute, ineffectual hands trying to grasp a three-pound loaf of bread, when you saw the beady eyes, the tip of a nose that was an insult to the nasal genus which includes the Cyrano and Bourbon organs, the mouth, like a slit begun and left off immediately, you wanted to cry, "No, really, it isn't done!"

One decided, however, to forgive her, for she was only twenty and an orphan, whose knowledge of life was purely institutional. She must have had brains,

after a fashion, for the "Home" had educated her to be a primary-school teacher. She even knew English; that is, she would hold up a spoon, and, her face radiantly proud, pronounce "ss-pun," or point to her glass of much-watered claret with suppressed excitement, and inform the table, "Ca, c'est vine!" But she reserved her linguistic masterpiece for the evening recreation when we paraded up and down the garden and made occasional visits to the barnyard. It was then that her birdlike eyes positively shot forth fire as she cried, "chick-hen!"

I should probably have continued to dislike Mam'selle Anastasie, had I not discovered her secret. One afternoon, when the others were busy decorating the parish hall for the coming bazaar, I pottered about in relieved solitude. On entering a class-room I was surprised to find Mam'selle Anastasie in the midst of a bright array of toys. There was nothing strange in that, for she had been left behind in order to pack them up; but she was playing with the dolls! She had placed two curly-haired beauties on a chair, and, half kneeling before them, was speaking out loud, in French, of course.

"My dears, you must be good at the fair, and don't soil your frocks. It took me so long to make them, and out of the Comtesse's old ball gown too!" With that she gave a maternal twitch to the pink brocade and turned to a sailor boy whose hat would not remain at the jaunty yet correct angle of eighty degrees.

Deciding not to retreat, I cleared my throat and advanced. Poor thing! She went white and then red and knocked off the sailor's hat. But, for a wonder, I was not quite as stupid as usual and remarked inwardly than an orphan's childhood was probably a toyless one. So I audaciously put an arm around her and whispered that I too still nourished a secret passion for dolls. They were sweet, weren't they?

My partial hypocrisy made us friends. She continued shy, but discussed her weakness, "The others think me so childish—I fear that I have wasted too much time over these poor little poupées. Why, once Mademoiselle Batilde found me piecing out the puzzles in her kindergarten; she was astonished! But then she has a great mind—and soul. She is always exhorting me to use the Exercises of Saint Ignatius. I suppose they would strengthen me."

I felt that I had truly gained her confidence when a few days later she took me to her own cupboard, where she kept her missal and her knitting yarn, and drew out from the farthest corner her treasure. It was a doll dressed in the unreal and ornate robes of the Infant Jesus of Prague. Again the noble tatters of the Comtesse had been happily utilized. The cloak had been wired so that it would stand out with the pyramidal splendor of the original, and splinters of varicolored glass had been sewn in the folds to produce a gemlike brilliance. The crown was a rather marvelous achievement, fabricated out of the links of

old rosaries and gilt paper stars. I am sorry to say that no doll ever possessed a face more devoid of intelligence and human dignity. Furthermore, the chipped nose and numerous scars bore witness to an eventful past. But it still preserved its long lashes and two pearly teeth. It seems that only on Sundays and feast-days did Mam'selle accord herself the bliss of contemplating the doubtful beauty of her Infant Jesus of Prague. The rest of the week she was a normal young *sécularisée*.

It was not long, however, before I returned to the high sophistication of the undergraduate world, and forgot about Mam'selle Anastasie for more than a year. And then I revisited the school at the insistent pleas of my cousin, who thoroughly enjoyed displaying to the provincials her urban connections. Nothing, of course, was changed. I vowed that I recognized every fowl. But my friend of the dolls did look pale and unusually sober. I asked Mademoiselle Batilde, the kindergarten mistress, whether she were ill, but she informed me with much satisfaction that at last Mam'selle Anastasie was growing up. She had gained in poise and dignity, she controlled her class, she was quiet in recreation as a young *sécularisée* should be—no more childish parade of her learning, no more—at least no visible interest in the games of the infant school.

But sometimes a stranger has clearer vision than a constant companion. One Sunday, after Vespers, as we sat at the parlor windows, our spiritual reading in our laps, but our eyes wandering on the highroad, Mam'selle Anastasie gave a half-stifled cry: an expression of intense pain distorted her features as though a claw had ruthlessly torn across them.

Crumpling up, she fell against my cousin. When the doctor came he found that a cancer was eating away her breast. The disease had rooted its flowers too deeply for the surgical knife. It was only a question of weeks, perhaps a few months—only a question of lying unarmed and helpless under the beak and claws of an untiring vulture.

There were moments, after the injections of morphine, when pain released its hold, and Mam'selle Anastasie breathed more freely. Then I was allowed to visit her. She liked to hear me chatter about my barnyard adventures or the seditions in the kindergarten, when I wickedly invaded Mademoiselle Batilde's kingdom, and her minute face—emaciated by now—would relax contentedly, reminding me of a child's, as it escapes the dark, goblin-haunted stairs for the cheer and familiarity of the lighted nursery.

My cousin and the others could hardly dissimulate their impatience. Why had she been such a fool as to conceal her ill? It was almost suicidal. Mademoiselle Batilde declared that the good Lord would only forgive her because she was so simple-minded. I was in the room when my kind-hearted cousin could not help crying out to little Mam'selle Anastasie:

"O ma petite, why did you do it? You should have told me. France needs teachers—living victims."

I expected Mam'selle Anastasie to look confused and contrite—she had always been in awe of the Directice—but this time she remained calm and her eyes did not leave my cousin's face. She said quite firmly, "Not always," and, after a pause, apologized for the trouble she gave them. It was most unbecoming for a stupid, first- and second-grade mistress to turn the house upside down. She need not, however, have felt so remorseful, as the burden of her presence was soon removed.

The end was not sudden. The death agony was prolonged and acute. I should not have been allowed to assist had she not asked for me. Those last hours of hers are another cause for my wonder. Until then she had suffered patiently, but as I have seen wise children do. But now at the end, she had changed abruptly. I saw before me no child, not even a woman in pain; she was like a man, a soldier marching doggedly into a firing line. At times I felt that she was plunging into an abyss; her eyes closed, the nerves on each side of the face quivered in horrified revulsion. For a moment breathing ceased, and then slowly she rose to light and air. The muscles relaxed somewhat, and the eyes opened to the room and those about her. She could not, or would not, speak. She looked at us gravely, even sternly. She was then infinitely older than my cousin will ever be.

After the prayers for the dying had been recited, she seemed to fall into a slight doze, but all at once she looked up and called my name. She wanted her Infant Jesus of Prague.

Quickly I asked for the key to the cupboard and took down the gaudy doll. I brushed off the month's dust which had settled on the pompous cloak and placed the Infant in her hands, which reached up for it from under the covers. She felt the stiff, jewel-studded brocade and touched the paper stars on the crown. Her cold fingers passed over the painted cheeks and chipped nose. She did not smile in the possession of her treasure, but there was a quiet satisfaction in her eyes. The Infant Jesus was just the same, as beautiful as ever!

Unfortunately, her physical peace was short-lived. Once more the agony of dissolution began. Her face was grey with pain, and beads of perspiration glistened on her forehead; still the fingers clung to the doll. No flash of relief or of anticipated joy appeared to console us. At the end of about ten minutes she started, her head came forward, jerkily, almost mechanically, and then fell back, announcing death. The hands had opened in the last movement, releasing their hold.

It was rather odd—the Infant Jesus of Prague tottered and fell; one hand—you know a doll's hand with its stubby fingers and brownish spots where the glaze has worn off—rested on Mam'selle Anastasie's always-small, and now, shriveled, bloodless lips.

DISCOVERY AND OCCUPATION

By DANIEL J. McKENNA

THE contemporary search for a body of land in the vicinity of the north pole reopens an old question of international law, namely, the right of a nation to acquire hitherto unknown and unowned territory. This question was considered closed by the exploration and national apportionment of Africa. Outside the polar area, hardly any part of the earth remains without an owner. But if the problematical arctic island, for it can scarcely be large enough to be called a continent, is found, undoubtedly it will be claimed by one or more of the powers which have commissioned, or intended to commission, explorers to search for it.

Since the days when Columbus unwittingly discovered a new world and Henry VIII commissioned John Cabot to discover countries "then unknown to Christian people" and to take possession of them in the name of the king of England, the European nations have been intensely interested in acquiring new territory, wherever it might be found. Before that time, the matter was of small moment, since the only land available was that which had been known "from a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Exploration, in ancient days, consisted largely in pushing the limits of dominion into unknown, but adjacent territory.

The European nations made many extravagant claims of ownership in the early days of American exploration, many of which claims were subsequently relinquished because they could not be defended. Each country at first attempted to claim all land discovered by its own representative, irrespective of any actual occupation of the land. For example, a Spanish sea-captain, sailing by a previously unknown island, would land and claim it in the name of his sovereigns. Then he would fill his water-casks and sail away, leaving the island deserted. The result of this practice was just what anyone would expect. A French or English sea-captain, neither knowing nor caring about the previous discovery of the Spaniard, would rediscover the island and claim it for his own sovereign.

Eventually, the nations recognized that mere discovery of uncivilized land did not establish title thereto, unless it was accompanied or soon followed by occupation of the land. That has remained the substantial rule up to the present day. Indeed, discovery, in the sense of finding a place previously unknown, is not necessary at all. If the land is known to exist, but is uncivilized and belongs to no civilized nation, any such nation may step in and acquire it by occupation.

Just what kind of occupation is necessary? Certainly, there must be some kind of a settlement or military post. If the area be a small one, a single individual, acting as representative of his government, may prove adequate. If it be more extended, the occupying force should be sufficiently large to exercise some measure of control. A single settlement on the coast of an ordinary island would usually permit the parent country to claim the whole island. A similar settlement on the coast of a continent would not be sufficient to allow the parent country to claim the entire continent but would justify a claim to the territory immediately dominated by the settlement and to such land as the settlement might need for its future growth.

I said that discovery, in the sense of finding a place previously unknown, is not necessary. Such discovery, however, does bestow upon the nation making it the right to follow it up by occupation. If the United States were to become the original discoverer of an island, and if another country were

to rediscover it immediately thereafter, the latter would have no right to claim or occupy the island unless or until the intention of the United States not to do so were evident. Our country would be entitled, under international law, to a reasonable time in which to plant a colony or settlement thereon. To this extent, mere discovery does confer title to the territory discovered, but it is an "inchoate" title, as it has been called, a title good enough to bar the rest of the world for the time being, but requiring the performance of further conditions if it is to become permanent and absolute.

Even after complete occupation of newly annexed territory, and, "a fortiori," after discovery but before occupation, the land may be abandoned. In this case, it lapses into its state of non-ownership. Like the birds of the air and the wild beasts, "ferae naturae," it becomes "res nullius," a thing belonging to nobody. Any other nation may then claim the land anew. An abandonment must be more than a mere temporary relinquishing of territorial control, but once definitely made, it destroys any priority which the original occupier may have had.

The claiming of new territory in the name of a sovereign must necessarily be done by an agent. If this agent has been specifically authorized by his government to search for and annex a particular tract of territory, his action is clearly valid. If a commissioned representative of a government claims land, the annexation of which has not been contemplated, his act becomes valid only if his government later ratifies it. But if a wholly uncommissioned, unauthorized private person attempts to annex territory, the better view is that his act is void and incapable of being later ratified by his sovereign. This is in opposition to the ordinary rule of the common law of agency, which permits subsequent ratification of the conduct of an unauthorized person who acts as an ostensible agent.

Like so many other topics in international law, the principles relating to discovery and occupation are clear but their application is of great difficulty. Innumerable wars have arisen over boundary disputes. It is easy to talk about the right of the occupying government to control a reasonable length of coast, or to extend its claims into the interior. The difficulty lies in the refusal of various nations, the ambitions of which are mutually antagonistic, to accept what in law is called "an agreed statement of facts." One sovereign will assert that a coastal stretch of one hundred miles is proper for his settlement to control. Another sovereign will deny the propriety of more than fifty miles. Or vague natural boundaries may lead to endless arguments. Today, these questions are usually settled by treaty or arbitration, but in earlier centuries, before swift means of communication, they were settled by the sword.

Another question relates to the nature of the territory found and occupied. Obviously, an island or continent, consisting of earth and stone, can be occupied. Just as obviously, an iceberg or tract of water in the middle of the Atlantic cannot be occupied. But how about a tract of perpetual and solid ice, yards in thickness and at least as permanent and stationary as many a volcanic island? Will the old law of the freedom of the seas govern and will this ice be considered as nothing but crystallized sea water? Probably yes. And yet it would seem as if an argument could be made to the effect that such ice had lost its marine nature when it acquired permanence and since it was a solid floor upon which men could live indefinitely, that it "savoured of the realty" and might be governed by the laws which refer to earthen territory.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—When the syllabus of the Catholic Summer School for the current session came to me at the beginning of the month, I looked it over and was very much pleased with it. I was very sorry indeed that I could be at the Summer School only a single week, for there were half a dozen courses at least that I should like to hear very much. I should surely like to be at Father Healy's lectures on Present-Day Protestantism, and at Father Garesché's on Hospitals and Nursing and Other Social Movements, for here are leaders. It is a distinct deprivation to have to miss Father Gillis's trenchant review of popular books, and I am wondering whether I cannot plan to be at Sir Bertram Windle's Fundamental and American Ethnology lectures.

You can appreciate my surprise then when an editorial in *The Commonweal* praised "the attention given to sociology in its various aspects," but added, "by comparison other aspects of the program are rather noticeably weak, though even the most insistent literary critic would find something to ease his smart." I am tempted to say, "I should hope so!" I would like to be present for Monsignor Slaterry's lectures on Dante, always an up-to-date subject. I am always sorry to miss the literary and dramatic treat afforded by Mr. Paulding, and I am quite sure that those who have the chance to listen to Right Reverend Monsignor Henry of the Catholic University will not soon forget the fine outline of the career of our greatest American literary man, Lowell, as Monsignor Henry's lecture syllabus presents it. Besides these, there are Professor Remy, the Very Reverend Patrick J. McCormick on our own dear Father John Talbot Smith, and Professor Derry on the *Progressive Paganization of the American Mind*.

All of that makes the teeth of my mind water and yet there are other things like Professor Gibbs on *The Education of Music* that I should like very much to hear. All these in addition to the sociology under Father Kirby, Father Ayd, and Father John Ryan which the editorial has made much of, show that the visitor to the Summer School during the present session will have a chance to gather in stimulating reviews of recent thought movements and still more stimulating material for intellectual attention next winter.

JAMES J. WALSH.

THE FIRST NATIVE CHINESE BISHOP

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In one of the paragraphs of *Week by Week*, in *The Commonweal* of July 7, I find that "the supreme Pontiff has just created the first native Chinese bishop."

Permit me to bring to your attention and that of *The Commonweal*'s readers that Father Gregory Lopez, O.P., of the Holy Rosary province of the Dominican Order, was the first native Chinese priest and bishop.

He was born in Lokia, China. He received the habit on January 1, 1650, and was professed on March 7, 1651. His studies were made in Manila and after ordination to the priesthood there he returned to China for mission work. He was consecrated bishop in the city of Canton in 1685 and died in Nanking on February 28, 1690. He was the first native Chinese priest and was the only native Chinese bishop up to the time of the recent nominations.

REV. EDWARD HUGHES, O.P.

THE PLAY AND THE SCREEN

By R. DANA SKINNER

Variety

FOR sheer excellence and novelty of photographic effect, for compactness of dramatic presentation, and for the overwhelming power of restrained acting, this German-made film, *Variety*, is so far ahead of the standardized American product as to leave one bewildered. When, however, one of the metropolitan movie critics announces that "it is not young people's week" while this film is running, he is stating at least half of the truth. The story itself is not, as one might imagine from such a statement, immoral, although it deals heavily with both illicit love and crime. But the other half of the truth is this: that the film indulges in a brand of continental and coarse realism at various moments which serves no other purpose than sensuality. Some of the critics have described this as an "adult" quality. It is no more adult than the impulse of children to draw coarse pictures on an old board fence. There is a deliberateness in the introduction of such scenes which makes it impossible to believe in their artistic sincerity. I want to make this point clear at the outset, so that praise for special qualities in the production will not be taken as blanket enthusiasm or recommendation. Quite the contrary.

The story related is in many respects a close parallel to that of the opera of *Pagliacci*. A trapeze artist who, in the interval after an accident, has been running a cheap show in the environs of Hamburg, falls in love with one of his dancing girls, forsakes his wife and child to go off with her to Berlin, and there joins with a famous English trapeze star in a triple act. The Englishman also falls in love with the dancing girl. The German kills him, delivers himself up to the police, and, after ten years of imprisonment, is at last released due to the petition of his wife who still has faith in him.

It is, of course, extremely difficult to describe one medium in another—to put into words the effects meant to be gathered by the eye. But perhaps a few illustrations of method will help to indicate wherein this German film has contributed something new to the motion picture art. Take the moment of the trapeze act mentioned above. It manages to convey, not only the outward appearances of things, but the inward emotions. Just before the act takes place, the German sees in his own mind the loosening of a grasp, the death plunge of the Englishman—the simplicity, the finality of it all. Then you see the act itself, taken from tremendously long range—the confusion of lights—the grim tenseness of the audience. For an instant you are shown the one man in the audience who has reason to know what might happen—his nervous guzzling of an extra glass of beer. Then back to close range—the German swinging on his trapeze, waiting for the Englishman to put his life in his hands. A cold sweat breaks out on the German's face. His eyes wander. The camera shows you the chaos that suddenly swims before him—the audience as it looks from a swinging trapeze—turning, swirling lights, and a great mass of rolling, staring eyes that surround him—eyes everywhere, accusing, mocking, leering. The music strikes up—the Englishman makes his leap—the German catches him—and holds! The act is over!

Or again—there is the scene when the Englishman returns to his room that night. The German is seated there, waiting for him. But it is not his face—master vanity of most picture

stars—that you see. It is the hulking mass of his back, seated, with the line and posture of his head conveying everything that most actors need half a reel of grimaces to register—a silent impassive rock of determination and contained fury, like the sculptured shadow of doom. Later, when the two have fought and the Englishman has been stabbed, the German returns to the room where the woman is waiting for him. He says nothing. She has no suspicion of the tragedy. He pours water into a basin. She watches him. The water turns red as he puts in his hands. That is all. But how vastly more effective than scenes of futile rage, ruddy sub-titles and captions and all the accepted tricks of screen melodrama.

Then, throughout, there is an important variation in the use of "close-ups." They are gradual, not broken. They follow the mental states of the observer. Everyone has probably experienced moments when some minute detail of a face, an eye, a hand or a foot seems to catch the entire attention—not because one is physically nearer to it, but because for the instant all one's attention is held to it by the menace or the meaning of its next movement. That is precisely the feeling created by the close-ups in *Variety*. They are not merely detailed views. They are a slow overpowering of the attention, creeping on one gradually—features or a single feature enlarging before the eye as everything else is slowly blotted from consciousness.

Emil Jannings, already familiar to American audiences, takes the part of the German trapeze artist. The most notable feature of his work is its restraint and economy of gesture and the expert use he makes of his great bulk. Lya de Putti enacts his companion in much the same key. It is only in the scenes where this economy and restraint are sacrificed in favor of a detailed and quite unnecessary sensuality that the real inner power of the drama breaks down into vulgar sensationalism. The main theme of sin, retribution, remorse, and returning hope is quite strong and true enough without these added trappings.

The Girl Friend

ONE instinctively expects a good deal from *The Girl Friend* for the simple reason that Richard Rodgers has written the already popular music (tuneful and insistent, as every radio fan can testify!) and Lorenz Hart the lyrics. But a good "book" is quite as necessary as good music and lyrics, and, whether you believe it or not, so is good acting. In both these essentials, *The Girl Friend* is doleful.

You would think, after the sensational success of such musical plays as *The Student Prince*, *The Vagabond King*, *The Princess Flavia*, and others, that a few managers would see the value of a play set to music rather than music set to the suspicion of a play. But they do not. The old formulae, the old hokum, the rheumatic gags all prevail. The book of *The Girl Friend* is just that, and the vaudeville methods and antics of Eva Puck and Sam White simply make the near-serious moments ludicrous. June Cochran, whose fresh and ingratiating informality gave so much life to last year's *Garrick Gaieties*, lends a fleeting charm to certain moments. But she is not yet quite adequate to routine professional performance—at least not when surrounded by old-timers who know all the tricks of holding the centre of the stage. In spite of the music and lyrics, *The Girl Friend* is just another musical comedy.

P O E M S

Time

*(If you hasten, time like a golden butterfly
will flee before you;
If you tarry, time slowly like a meek-led ox,
will follow you.—Jimenez.)*

Now I am weary on the wheel of motion,
And now fatigued in dull inaction's sleep.
Star would I be and wing the ethers deep
Mine own the shoreless space—its cup my potion.
Curled in earth's chrysalis, I hate the notion
Of slumber-lidded eyes, and would upleap
Like instant lightning when storms' shadows sweep.
No Lethe earned nor won Eunoë's lotion
I am a soul that bears a grudge with time.
The land I seek is some ensorcelled clime
Where bystanders may watch detached and free
And view life's vivid whole tranquillity.
Ah, the dilemma that the ages trace
Is ageless, patient—like a Buddha's face!

JOHN SAIDMORE.

Farm-Wife

She never climbed a mountain,
She never heard the sea,
But always watched a winding road
That wandered aimlessly
Among unshaded meadows—
A farm, a pasture rife
With black-eyed Susans, level fields
Comprised her little life.

She never longed to travel,
She felt no urge to search,
Her longest journey the five miles
On Sundays to the church;
Yet, to her quiet dwelling,
In singing, sighing flow,
Came love and parting, birth and death,
And all that women know.

JOHN HANLON.

Busy Flame

Oh, child, with what a will
You keep from being still!
How bonelessly you bend,
How tensely reascend—
Five fingers stretch, five fingers close,
One hand a starfish, one a rose.

My head is in a whirl
To see each antic curl
On yours point up and prance
An individual dance—
Wistful, I watch and never tire,
Still as a dog before a fire!

WINIFRED WELLES.

*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop**In Memoriam*

*(Mother Alphonsa, of Rosary Hill Home,
Hawthorne, New York)*

This is Saint Rose who has faded
From earth into Christ's tended gardens,
To bloom in the sunny, the shaded
Enclosures of infinite pardons,
The lovely, the exquisite woman
Who tended the suffering poor,
The wistful, the friendless, the human,
At the last and the opening door.

Medals of gold—for we love her—
She has been given on the earth,
While almost seemed shining above her
Halos of heaven for her worth,
Oh, still befriend her, divining
What from high heaven is her will,
Keep her white light ever shining
Set upon Rosary Hill.

Keep her pure memory burning
Where in the city one knows
Exquisite pity, at turning
Into the home of Saint Rose.
While with her lyrical father
Now may she happily meet—
Poet and poet together—
In the crystal-and-golden street.
Saint Rose! Saint Rose! Saint Rose!

ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

For Someone Very Sick

I'd like to bring you lovely things—
Bright blackbirds' wings and cuckoo notes,
And little misty singing things
With music in their throats.

And I would tell a traveling wind
To creep behind in the pale gloom,
And catch and bind the smallest star,
And bring it here to light your room.

Then I would kneel quite close to you,
And whisper to you all the way,
Some shadowy, brave, unbiting words
That I once heard a dark man say.

But here I may not even speak.
I change the bottles on the stand;
And sometimes, when you are asleep,
I lay my cheek against your hand.

MAIRE NIC PILIP.

BOOKS

New England in the Republic, 1776-1850, by James Truslow Adams. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$5.00.

WITH this third volume Professor Adams completes his full-length picture of New England, from brow of gold to feet of clay. There are, as he says with his final brush-stroke, shadows; and the canvas is executed in a marked reaction against the old point of view which regards all Puritans and all Revolutionary soldiers and agitators as saints and patriots.

The present book displays the same clear-eyed, devastating calmness that characterized its predecessors: if it discloses but a qualified admiration for New England, a similar effect may be produced (in a day of critical scrutiny and general disillusionment) by an intensive study of almost any people in almost any period. Here are no heroics and no romantics. But the author does not escape another influence operative in the present time—humanitarianism; and the essential theme of his concluding volume—the preceding ones having founded and developed the region under consideration—is the struggle of the common man to realize the doctrines of the Revolution in the life of the community, in the face of a governing class whom in early New England he sees as a “petty aristocracy” of clergy, lawyers, and merchants who scorned the humbler sort and had no belief in their political wisdom.

Professor Adams is, of course, a strong anti-Federalist, and he likes the followers of Hamilton even less in their later stages than in their earlier. He says bluntly that there never had been economic or social equality in New England; and as the champion of the common man he does not hesitate to declare that the history of the section shows us again and again that a class composed of presumably the most intelligent members of the community exhibits less collective wisdom than the members of the despised lower orders, “as well as a more bitter class spirit, a narrower intellectual outlook, and a less broadly human attitude toward life.” As a specific instance he pauses on the transition of New England capital from shipping to manufacturing, and on the shifting of the latter from homes to factories. If greed and rapacity (along with careless housing, speeding-up and blacklisting) are charged, nothing worse developed than had already developed in Lancashire—unless some of the more unjust and galling restrictions were “cloaked under a pharisaical care for morals”; an exasperation from which the English operatives were mercifully free. And when things political did not go to the Down-East taste, Massachusetts, as the author shows, was quite as ready for nullification or secession in 1804, and again in 1809, as South Carolina was in 1832 and in 1860. And it was Patrick Henry, of Virginia, we are pointedly reminded, who, just as the Revolution was preparing, gave clear expression to a national outlook: to a group of states always particularistic and sectional in its views, owing partly to geographical position and partly to the old Puritan notion of a chosen people, he presented himself as “not a Virginian but an American.”

Professor Adams writes of the aftermath of the Revolutionary War with an eye resting, almost unavoidably, on the great war of 1914-1918, and effectively viewing the past from the standpoint of the present. Thus, Jefferson's embargo provoked almost as much opposition and disorder as our present tussle over prohibition: smugglers' rafts were as busy on Lake Champlain as rum-runners have lately been on Long Island Sound. Revolutionary captains and colonels banded together for advantage somewhat as the Legion has done in our own

day, and the question of the bonus was treated with all the familiar arguments, pro and con. A depreciated currency played hob with public finance and private expenditures, just as on the Continent at the present moment; and the manners and morals of the younger generation of 1783 made the clergy horrified and hortatory. In general, “the flames of war left no portion of life untouched, and against the lurid background of those years we see the dark figures of misery and greed and discontent as well as the nobler ones of patriotism and pure endeavor.”

The Revolutionary War, and equally the War of 1812, were fought against a background of European interests; and the former was even decided, in Professor Adams's opinion, by European sea-power. After 1815 a new period opened. Politics and government went forward under a native impetus, with less regard, or none, for European influences and complications. The settlement and development of the West became a primary concern, and the question of slavery, purely indigenous, almost shut Europe, for a while, out of the American mind. A governor of Massachusetts had begged that the upsetting question of slavery might not be discussed—it would disturb New England's internal economy and endanger her relations to the South, supplier of raw material. “Respectable” Boston supported him, but Garrison and Phillips were too much for that argument. Yet America, even if absorbed in vital questions all her own, could not escape from the penumbra of the old world in the field of matters intellectual and cultural. The general stir of new times and new conditions provoked western brains to new activities, and a single decade, 1831-1841, brought forward Whittier, Bancroft, Emerson, Hawthorne (the order is chronological) Prescott, Longfellow, and Lowell. To the same period and the same impetus is due New England's famous crop of “ism”—transcendentalism, Brook Farm, and all the rest. Professor Adams allows these fine names and these idealistic causes, with others, to shed a glow over his later pages: an amend for the free exercise—perhaps the over-exercise—of that critical spirit which runs today. Indeed, he acknowledges that he may have stressed the shadows rather than the lights. If his reviewer has followed him into the dusk instead of heading toward a light that never was quite so glamorous on New England's hills and coasts as many have been in the habit of believing, this is largely through a sense of relief at having escaped the conventions which have governed too much of our historical writing and have played up one section of the country to slight others.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Mantrap, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

SINCLAIR LEWIS has gone into the wilderness. But the clubs that weekly dine to the goddess of service need not relax, for he brought a Rotarian along to provide sardonic humorous relief. Just why Lewis wrote *Mantrap* has not at this moment been decided by the wits of the town—though the whispering galleries are rife with rumor. It is supposed to be a great mistake. In that case it is too bad some of the other novelists—in or out of the woods—do not fall into the same error.

Presumably, the fiery Mr. Lewis—whose utterances so often command wide attention and stimulate so much bitter discussion—took a canoe trip in the North Woods, found it so unlike the conventional idea that it suggested treatment in an illuminating manner. Or, perhaps he just wanted to write this

sort of book to please himself, just as he wrote *Main Street* to satisfy his own desire. At any rate, a novel of capital fiction has been the result.

In *Mantrap*, the much remarked photographic method of Lewis has given way to plot. He adapts the favorite theme of Westerns, the tenderfoot, the he-man, and the girl. From this hackneyed and worn-out genre, he has created a lively, satirical, and penetrating novel of singularly diverse people, groping in a conflict of passions, prejudices, and affections, which he has reflected with sound psychology.

He has carried over his technique of portrayal of incident by the employment of sheer contrast. His depiction of characters is especially relentless. A far cry indeed from the so familiar saccharine of the red-blooded school of romance!

Meet the characters: Ralph Preston, forty, a bachelor, prominent member of the New York bar, member of the Yale Club; his whole life has protected him from any rough contacts, by virtue of his profession, class, and money. He represents refinement to the point of civilized decadence. E. Wesson Woodbury is a cousin of Babbitt's, who has moved from Zenith and has been an unexpected success in New York, which went to his head and provided him with a vulgar swank that expresses a boorish and cheap good fellowship. Joe Easter, a trader in furs, strong of body, kindly in manner, educated in the ways of the human heart by solitude and nature, has come to accept life with a stoical philosophy. He is a mild protagonist. At forty-five Joe had pursued beauty and married it in the form of Alverna, a pretty, bobbed-hair manicure girl, whom he met on a trip to Minneapolis. He established her in his place at *Mantrap*—she set his home in fine domestic order but naturally longed "to be going places." Alverna is typical of a civilization that has even standardized pleasure.

Preston, on account of his health, accepts an invitation to take a canoe trip with Woodbury, out in the great open spaces where men are men. Once there, Preston knows that he is afraid. Their first three weeks are composed of bickering and hostile silences that would do credit to the Kilkenny cats. Finally, Preston is rescued through the agency of Joe, and leaves Woodbury to the society of the noble savage and his great outdoors. An abiding friendship springs into existence between Joe and Preston—the attraction of opposites perhaps. At *Mantrap* the triangle is completed by Alverna whom all Joe's kindness and manliness cannot hold. She is prodigal with her affections. Alverna invites Preston to take her away. He is for the first time in his life irresistibly drawn to a woman, but he cannot betray Joe—his friend. He decides on flight. Alverna joins him after his departure. She refuses to be left behind. Joe follows. The resultant odyssey is exciting and almost tragic.

We have to thank Mr. Lewis for one of the most intelligently written scenes in modern romance—that of the reformed and ironically inverted triangle.

Instead of heroics, we are treated to an understanding of groping, frustrated, conflicting emotions, of passions, desires, contradictions, changes of mind, affections and heated discussions, misunderstandings and a general effort to battle with the prejudices and desires whose sum total is a human and lifelike situation. Mr. Lewis, by his inventiveness of plot and by his dramatization of episodes, has projected characterization of solid and vivid value into his backwoods melodrama. And his ending has no patent solution, but suggests the lesson that, in spite of baffling difficulties, life moves on in constant flux. The future of his people is far from ended

when the last page is reached. All in all, this is a satisfactory novel. It is well to have the folk of the North Woods represented as human beings and the bunk of the red-blooded he-man so thoroughly exposed in savory ridicule.

EDWIN CLARK.

The Children's Saint: The Story of Saint Madeleine Sophie, by Maud Monahan. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.25.

SAINTHOOD and childhood are, in so many more senses even than the mystical one, of such close kinship, that it is strange that the lives of the saints written in English have, until recently, been almost the exclusive literary property of maturity.

The mature mind, interested in its own problems, and eagerly seeking to delineate personalities in whom the sanctification of mature qualities has been evidenced, too frequently has thought of these personalities in terms of man- and womanhood, and the result has been that the world has read little of the childhood of the saints. Yet have not those flowers in the celestial garden that are dearest to the heart of man, remained dearest because they retained to the end, frequently of long lives, something of the quality of the bud? Arriving at maturity they became, or perhaps did not have to become, being so always, "as little children." Being so, they belong, primarily, to childhood, and happily their English and American biographers are beginning to sense this and are giving them back to their own—who for so long have been intimidated by their apparent aloofness and grownupness—that their own may come to know them, love them, and reverence them.

They are fortunate little ones who will have put into their hands this life of Saint Madeleine Sophie Barat, written by Maud Monahan. Here the story of the great foundress of the Sacred Heart Order is presented to children in the terms and values of childhood. Her little girlhood is made to appear what indeed it (like the little girlhood of thousands of other saints) was in truth—a little girlhood at once human and holy. Small hands will turn the pages of this book, following Sophie closely through paths familiar to all children—the Sunday school where she was "so small that she had to stand upon the bench to answer her catechism"; the studies at home; the companionship and love of animal pets; the stern big brother who directed her studies; the temptation of green fields to frolic in, that sang to her from outside the study-room window and that proved too strong when she thought that Brother was absent and would not know that she had slipped away to play. Small eyes will open in a wonder which will be precursor to understanding and love, that one of those persons, formerly such austere and distant figures—a saint—that even one of these could be tempted to truancy from studies.

They will follow the story of Saint Sophie from her natural childhood through her courageous, magnificently effective womanhood, to her saintly death—and will turn back to the beginning to dwell again on the inimitable black and white illustrations by Robin which thread their way through the book.

If this enchanting little book is a forerunner of others to come, molded around the same delicate, simple, yet exquisite pattern, then indeed the saints that have long been revered in maturer minds will come into the heritage that is rightly theirs and that one cannot but feel they have ever longed to attain—their crowning in young hearts and minds as heroes and heroines of childhood.

HELEN WALKER.

Who's Who in Medicine. Chicago: The A. N. Marquis Company.

THE editors of this volume did not state what criteria they have adopted in selecting names of physicians and surgeons for inclusion in it. One misses a few—for instance, the man who inspired and directed the building of the new academy of medicine in New York City. Most selections seem to have been made on the basis of hospital or teaching affiliations.

About twenty-three hundred names are included and the biographies are happily not without that quaint humor that clings about such productions. Here is a surgeon whose chosen recreation is pitching horseshoes, while another born in the same state is a member of Tammany Hall.

The work on hospitals has been conducted in a very casual manner. In New York City, for instance, one misses Bellevue and Allied, Mount Sinai, Saint Luke's, Roosevelt's, and Saint Vincent's.

It is of some human interest to analyze the state of the medical profession from this list of its leaders. General practice seems to appeal to about one man in four of those listed, while general surgery holds one in five. The specialty of Internal Medicine (which is "general practice" with enlargement of the head and atrophy of the feet) shares with Nose and Throat, the affections of about one in ten, while Gynecology and Nervous Diseases are only a shade less popular as specialties. After them, come in order Orthopedics, Ophthalmology, Pathology, Pediatrics, and so on down through thirteen other specialties that we skip to those which appeal by their rarity, such as Diet, Library, Bacteriology, Pharmacology, and Metabolism.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

THE POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS STRUGGLE IN AUSTRIA

By

MONSIGNOR IGNAZ SEIPEL

The Commonweal of July 28 will contain an article by the former Chancellor of Austria and now leader of the Christian Social Party, written while en route from the Eucharistic Congress. It is a message to the American people by one of the greatest men of the present day. Monsignor Seipel expressly selected The Commonweal as his medium.

The inter-relations of religion and politics in Austria have now reached a critical stage. The Trend of European civilization may depend upon the outcome.

The Commonweal for July 28

BRIEFER MENTION

Cyclops' Eye, by Joseph Auslander. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

A POET whose earlier lyrics were so distinguished in content and form as to merit wide critical attention, Mr. Auslander has earned the dangerous privilege of comparison with the greater masters. That comparison, in the case of *Cyclops' Eye*, will hardly be wholly favorable. The book struggles to do the thing so earnestly advocated by the more programmatic American critics—to take up the abundant crude materials of life and mold them, as the phrase goes, "into beauty." Mr. Auslander has been diligent, and his steel-workers, lovers, poets, city folk, prize-fighters and truck drivers pop up one by one, in nicely variegated rhythms. The delicate craftsmanship of the group to which he belongs never deserts him, and one admires the free handling of verse traditions with poise and also appropriate pertness. But for some reason—perhaps the innate inability of lyric verse to be psychological—the effect is usually quite like that one gets from a brilliantly polished brass jar into which not much more than water has been poured. Genuine, haunting loveliness appears only in deft, fresh, sweet random passages of nature interpretation, though much of the rest is skilful and honestly fine. One cannot avoid the impression that Mr. Auslander has caught hold of the wrong bootstrap. A man so naturally natural ought not to permit himself to be automatically hoisted upon a theory of poetry which may be true or false, but which obviously is not suited to his exquisite lyric power.

Jefferson, by Albert Jay Nock. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

A BOOK as able as Mr. Nock's present monograph cannot be termed an addition to the literature of Jefferson. It stands by itself, stoutly and serenely representative of the somewhat contemptuous mind which formed it, the handbook of an individualist's understanding of American democracy. Here the Jefferson of "fable, convention, and journalism" is silently ignored, and we are invited to consider a man who looked about with a clear, scientific, and speculative mind; an "Epicurean strongly bent on hiding his life"; a man who avoided contention because there is always a touch of vulgarity in it, and whose methodical habits of self-cultivation were brought to a halt only by something as formidable as the German language. The book, it will be concluded, is largely interested in mental processes, geneses of ideology; and the conclusion is correct, despite all the skilful diction which Mr. Nock devotes to proving the Jeffersonian affiliation with producers and their affairs. Many will not like it because the Horatian mentality is considerably rarer than are translations of the odes. But it deserves nevertheless to be called an indispensable biography.

The Italian Lakes, with paintings by Ella Du Cane and text by Richard Bagot. London: A. and C. Black.

BOOKS on lovely places have no excuse if they do not transmit this beauty in themselves. The volume on *The Italian Lakes*, published in several editions since 1905, reveals so much of the charm of Lake Como and Maggiore that the owner will treasure it in souvenir of happy voyaging or of rich dreaming in the faraway. Miss Du Cane's pictures, reproduced in color, are charming in every way, while Mr. Bagot's text and historical allusions lure the scholarly mind into an Italianate luxuriousness just as weariness draws one to a pillow.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C LAMB.

"Thank heaven for this solid earth," gasped Doctor Angelicus, sinking into the library armchair usually reserved for foreign prelates and delegates to international congresses.

Miss Anonymoncule smiled at him in an unusually pearly manner from under her vacation sunburn, that also gave a special light to her large round necklace of pearls: "Then you did not enjoy the yachting, Doctor?"

"Only in a way, my dear; the breezes were a refreshing release and the scenery constantly shifting made a splendid scenic panorama, or as we moderns say, a gorgeous moving picture. But the motion of the water, the constant trembling of Don Fabio's cruiser, the flitter and shimmering of the wavelets, the climbing up and down gangways, and the perilous darting about of tenders rather aggravated the tempo, so to say, of our symphonic jaunt."

"Oh, it must have been splendid," Miss Brynmarian put in, "Don Fabio's cruiser all white and brassy: those dark Spanish sailors, and the lovely sport frocks of his daughters. They can be smart, these Spanish ladies, in the open air!"

"Don Fabio was in white flannels, looking hardly like the escaped Mexican millionaire that he is," replied the Doctor. "In my black bombazine duster I must have been a conspicuous figure among them. My hat blew overboard and in the jaunty yachting cap brought to me by my goddaughter, Dolorita, I suppose I should have made a splendid etching at the hands of Albert Durer or even the modern Zorn. The constant coming and going of the servants, the ceaseless pulling out of the Social Register and yachting guide-book to discover that the steam-cruiser *Gloriana* belonged to Hiram Boggs; the *Dafne*, to Silvaner Moriarty; the *Tuscaloosa*, to Oscar Hamilcar Spriggs; and the studying of yacht-club flags, denoting that their owners were absent or were on board, taking baths, or having tea, important events denoted by colored lanterns at night—kept me constantly too alert to indulge in my chronic meditations, in my moments of *dolce far niente*, which are so important a part of my well-being and comfort.

"When at last I had retired to the sumptuous cabin Don Fabio had allotted to me, I could only sink into a half repose: colored lights of passing barges flickered through my port-holes: youthful laughter, not always properly restrained, came from the surrounding boats, and the awful reverberations of the radios playing those Broadway concatenated Blues and Charlestons, rigged up on nearby mastheads! Dolorita and her sisters, their brothers and cousins, seemed to be thrilled to the very bone by these carnival disturbances of the night. I do not know if the highly spiced dishes or the restricted decks and quarters affected me badly. At any rate, I gazed at the verandas of the country houses and club docks with an ever-increasing longing, so when Don Fabio proposed that we should follow the yacht-races and I discovered several whitecaps in the harbor waves, I stole away from the side of the *Doña Eulalia* and had myself rowed rapidly to shore. Columbus and his crew landing on solid ground after their long and rather parlous bobbing on the western waters, never raised a more thankful heart to heaven than did your own devoted Angelicus, my dear young ladies, safely back on his native element, to walk and philosophize among you for a while longer, the dampness gone from his clothing, the dryness—even of a Volstead—around him, the memory of dear

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